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803

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JULLIEN IN THE STATES.

We are at a loss this week for news from Jullien. Not a single American paper has reached us these last nine days—a circumstance, or, more properly, non-circumstance, quite unprecedented. As Jullien's career in America constitutes certainly one of the most remarkable events connected with music in modern times, and as Jullien himself is most likely to create a prodigious influence, musically speaking, in the New World, we feel it our bounden duty, as a musical organ, to chronicle, hebdomadally, all the facts which come within our knowledge; so that, in future times, our journal may become a book of reference, and a faithful guide, as it were, to all searchers after the musical phenomena of the stirring period in which we live.

Accounts, dated September 27th, state that Jullien and his band had left Castle Garden, and had inaugurated a series of twenty-four concerts at Metropolitan Hall. These were the latest accounts transmitted to us. Why the papers have been detained from us, and for what purpose, we cannot make out. Even the *Musical World and Times*, so regular in its delivery, has failed to come to hand this week. We feel confident the papers have been kept from us designedly.

From the *France Muscale* we extract a portion of a letter, written by the New York correspondent of that journal, touching Jullien and the concerts at New York, which we consider interesting, as affording proof corroborative of Jullien's already acquired popularity, and giving us opinions respecting his talents, coming from a totally different source than that of the American journals, or American reporters.

Mons. G. Chouquet, the correspondent alluded to, after briefly alluding to various musical entertainments in New York, at which he assisted, thus describes his first visit to the Jullien Concerts, and his impressions thereupon:—

"After hearing so much music, I gave myself several days' repose, and, at length, last Thursday, took my way to Castle Garden, in company with some six or seven thousand other persons. Since the magnificent festivals of Jenny Lind, so excellently directed by Jules Benedict, I had not seen such crowds drawn together in the immense and splendid hemicycle of Castle Garden. It was the first time that Jullien convoked the New-Yorkers to his particular benefit. Now Jullien—the Great Jullien, as they call him here—is the Lion of the day. And how indeed could he fail to be so—he, who has known how to captivate, and, still more, amuse the London public for more than ten years? He, the inimitable composer of so many inimitable *airs de danse*! He, the chief of a prodigious orchestra, and the prodigious author of the Opera, *PIETRO IL GRANDE!* Speak to me no more of

Musard, of Gunzl, of Strauss, of Lanner! They are but simple boyers, hardly worthy to bow down before him—Jullien, Autocrat and grand Emperor. Behold him seated on his golden *fauteuil*, enthroned with an incomparable majesty, and directing his vassals with a hand at once inflexible and affable. But, if you would contemplate him to the greatest advantage, and see him in all his glory, you must regard him when he conducts his heroic phalanx at some *action d'éclat*, when they thunder forth a national hymn, or utter a cry of war. Jullien appears. Every face is illumined, and smiles on him. He replies to these marks of general confidence by saluting with that frank and happy air which instantaneously wins hearts the least predisposed to sympathy. He is about to place himself at the head of an army which he has *fanatisé* by inventing for his peculiar appliance an especial strategy and a sublime telegraphy. Silence! He is about to give the signal! Each individual holds his breath and prepares to listen. The affair is in fact very serious. It concerns nothing less than conquering a world, and what world—America, the Land of Washington! "Hail to the Chief," cry aloud his valiant soldiers. Strong in their confidence of him and assured of victory, the great Jullien stretches forth his imperial hand over the American crowd held motionless. 'A moi, König!' he makes sign with an impetuous gesture. And König summons with his magic cornet the resounding battalions, in midst of whom sounds the formidable voice of standard-bearer Hughes. In the height of the combat, they thunder out 'Yankee Doodle.' The Americans are taken by surprise and cannot withstand this unexpected onset. Then Collinet and Wuille single themselves out to make sport for them. It is a trial of strength, which shall perpetrate more pleasantries, which more joyous calembours. Lavigne and Bottesini, each chief of division in fact, allows his word to escape him, in a manner absolutely irresistible. Next the glorious army takes up in chorus the song of victory; and, upon a new signal from the triumphal emperor, they cry out 'Hurrah,' which inflames all hearts. Americans, Europeans, conquerors and conquered, all rise, 'Hail Columbia! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! Hail Columbia! Viva Jullien!' The ovation recommences, the enchanting American Quadrille recommences also; handkerchiefs are again waved aloft, and again and again are repeated vociferous hurrahs and cries of 'Viva Jullien.'

"And I in my turn repeat, 'Hurrah,' and 'Viva Jullien!' That which I saw and heard on Thursday last was not a concert, ordinary or extraordinary—it was an incomparable sight, a ravishing *Comédie à grand orchestre*, something overwhelming and quite apart in the musical world.

"To my thinking, Jullien is beyond all contradiction the most *habile*, and the equal, perhaps, of the most celebrated symphonic chiefs. He is besides a composer full of invention and genius, and, above all, one of the most profound philosophers of the age. He possesses in the highest degree the art of succeeding with the masses, and attracting them for ever. He agitates them, he fascinates them, he electrifies them at his will. In his hand, the baton of the conductor may be likened to the magic wand of Prospero, with which he mag-

netises, or rather galvanises the public, who are thus compelled, despite themselves, to rush in crowds to his concerts, this evening, to-morrow, after to-morrow, every evening, for a month—two months,—as long as he pleases. The success of the Maestro is incontestable and brilliant; none of my readers will be astonished, for Jullien reckons at Paris none but friends and admirers."

With this solitary extract concerning Jullien in the States, our readers must rest content this week. In our next we shall have some particulars to give them of the Concerts in Metropolitan Hall.

OUR CARPET BAG.

THE Theatre Imperial of Algiers was inaugurated on Thursday the 27th September. This occasion attracted a great crowd of spectators; the place was literally crammed. The spectacle consisted of an opera *de circonstance*. We regret we cannot give a detailed account of it; we can only say that it places its author, M. le baron Bron, in the rank of the first Lyric writers, and that it was enthusiastically received. Among the pieces most vehemently applauded was the song of the Pirate, that of Zouave, and the air of the grand finale.

Ernst has recovered from the illness that had confined him to his bed for a short time, and will leave Baden in a few days with Mdlle. Sione Lévy. He proceeds to Bâle, Mulhouse and Strasbourg, to give concerts; he will pass the winter in Germany, when he will visit the principal cities.

Mdlle. Louise Sevoy has been performing with much success at Amiens.

We read in the *Italia musicale*, "The excellent pianist, Ferdinand Croze, has found out after long and indefatigable study, a new method of fingering octaves, which at the same time is excessively easy, and renders their performance surer and more brilliant. To prove the excellence of his system, Ferdinand Croze has composed two *morceaux*, which have met with the approbation of Thalberg. We insert the letter of the celebrated pianist addressed to Ferdinand Croze on the subject:—

Venice, 27th Sept., 1853.

MY DEAR SIR.—The study in octaves which you have been good enough to send to me and which I have attentively examined, contains many excellent and novel points. The fingering of the octaves above all offers a great advantage, and much diminishes the fatigue occasioned by the continuity of such passages. I am sure every one will hasten to adopt your system. Hoping to see you soon in Paris, believe me, &c.,

S. THALBERG.

Alboni, despite her marriage, and to a Count, too, makes no account of either circumstance, we thank the Fates, has accepted an offer at the Theatre Italien, and will inaugurate the current season on the 15th November, in *Cenerentola*. The Italiens will shine bright this year, and, with Mario and Alboni, alias Contessa Pepoli, cannot fail to regain all its ancient vogue and splendour.

Mr. Frederick Gye, director-in-chief of the Royal Italian Opera, is at this moment at Vienna, endeavouring to effect an engagement with Mdlle. Johanna Wagner for next season.

The fair Johann is timid, and has not yet made up her mind. Catherine Hayes is creating a perfect *furore* at Valparaiso.

MEMOIR OF MENDELSSOHN.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, the son of **Abraham Mendelssohn**, a banker of some consequence at Hamburg, in Germany, and grandson of the great philosopher and Hebraist, Moses Mendelssohn, was born at Hamburg, on the 3rd of February, 1809. The house in which he was born is close adjoining the Church of St. Michael. Hamburg is remarkable as the native place of another great musician, Ferdinand David, for many years the friend and brother artist of the subject of this memoir. Felix was the second in age of a family of four children. He had an elder sister, Fanny, (the late Madame Henselt), a younger brother, Paul, and a second sister, Rebecca. His mother, whose maiden name was Bartholdy, watched with anxious affection the development of the boy's mind, and in after years he repaid this motherly care with a love and tenderness which the caresses of the world never once weakened or abated.

When the boy had completed his third year, his parents changed their place of residence, and moved to Berlin. Here, under that favourable star, which from the hour of his birth had never suffered him to come in contact with anything common-place or ordinary, his wonderful talents unfolded, and early promised a brilliant future. When only eight years old he played the piano with great facility and execution, and at this tender age he acquired a fine sense of musical criticism, an intuitive power which Zelter called Mendelssohn's "Luchsauge." He discovered, (said that artist) six pure fifths, consecutively, in a movement of Sebastian Bach's, which I should never have found. His ear for music was extraordinary. He detected in a moment the dissonance of an instrument, or the false intonation of a voice, at a time when the music was loudest, and the great body of sound most likely to drown the discordant part. All these qualities proved him to be in possession of powers quite uncommon to youths of his age, and he was placed under the care of Zelter and Berger, two plain German artists, to be taught his first lessons in composition and pianoforte playing. Zelter called him his best and most promising pupil, when only twelve years old, and his correspondence with Goethe on the boy's progress bears honourable testimony to the warm interest he took in the education of Felix, though it tells of a rather strict and uncompromising management of a very sensitive disposition. The consequence of these letters was a fortunate one for Felix, who was brought to Goethe's especial notice. An introduction to this great man was invaluable, and we cannot doubt that this circumstance contributed in no small degree to strengthen Mendelssohn's love for all that is great, solid, and classical, and his contempt for anything weak or second-rate. It may here be remarked that the publication of Mendelssohn's correspondence with Goethe would be of deep interest to the admirers of musician and poet; at present we must be content to quote short extracts from Zelter's and Goethe's letters, which allude to the mutual interest which the writers took in the boy's progress. Zelter's letters are full of such expressions as, "the younger plays the piano like the deuce," or, "Felix is still the head man here," and we find him writing to Goethe in the autumn of 1821, announcing his intention of a visit, and a wish to introduce his pupil to the poet—"Before I leave the world I should like to show your face to my Doris, and my best pupil." Accordingly, in the November of the same year, he actually introduced his young favourite to the poet. On the 5th of February, Goethe writes, "Say a good word to Felix, and to his parents. Since you left me my piano is speechless; one solitary attempt to restore it again would be a failure." A friendship once started was destined to be yet more and more influential over Mendelssohn; for from this time Zelter constantly related to Goethe stories of the boy's wonderful powers and application, and the poet's interest in the young musician became daily more intense. On the 8th of February, Zelter writes, "Yesterday evening, Felix completed his fourth opera, with the dialogues, and it was performed in our presence. I must confess my own weakness, in attempting to restrain

wonder at the amazing progress made by a boy only fifteen years old. There are three acts, which, with two ballets, occupy some two hours and a half in the performance. The work has fairly met with its meed of applause. Original ideas, beautifully expressed, are to be found throughout; there is no want of rhythm, dramatic power, and flow of harmony; it is seen apparently by experienced hands; the orchestral parts are not overloaded, so as to fatigue; nor, on the other hand, can I complain of a mere accompaniment and poverty of instrumentation; the band play it *con amore*, and yet it is not music to be trifled with. Nothing is omitted, out of place, disjointed, or fragmentary; passion, tenderness, love, and joy are all in their turn expressed. The overture is a strange production. You would fancy a painter, who, after dashing a quantity of colour indiscriminately on the canvass, and gradually clearing away from the surface, with finger and brush, produces at last a defined and distinct picture; so that one is the more astonished that anything truthful should appear, after being subjected to such a process." Such is the eulogy of Zelter, and it must be said to his praise, that he seems to have appreciated, from the very first, that variety of thought and expression, so splendidly concentrated, in after years, in such poetical overtures, as that to the Hebrides and others of equal excellence. "Certainly," continues Zelter, "I speak as a grandfather, who sports his pet grand-child, still I know what I say, and will not expatiate on ideal excellency which I cannot prove. Applause, liberally given by the orchestral and vocal performers, is a sure criterion, and it is easy to see if an indifference and coldness, or a real earnest satisfaction carries the executants through their work; where a composer gives the members of an orchestra something worth interpreting, both parties mutually succeed, and each helps to enjoy the laurels." How entirely have the words of Zelter been realised in the subsequent career of Mendelssohn! It is impossible to forget the enthusiasm shared by the vocal and orchestral members of the Leipzig Society, at the rehearsals of St. Paul, and the Hymn of Praise; or the patience shown in conquering the extreme difficulties of his overtures, and the music adapted to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Shakespeare. There never lived Mendelssohn's rival, as a conductor; at times he praised sincerely, at others blamed, but, whether he smiled or frowned, the orchestra invariably acted in accordance with his suggestion, and the results were sure to justify the wisdom of his choice, and their good sense in adopting it.

In the year 1828, Abraham Mendelssohn travelled, with his son, to Paris, for the express purpose of introducing him to Cherubini. This step showed an honourable distrust in popular praise, the object being to enquire, of an undoubted authority, if the son possessed so decided a genius for the art, as to make it worth while to cultivate these powers to a still greater extent. Cherubini encouraged the father to future sacrifices and efforts for the advancement of his son's welfare, and acknowledged unhesitatingly the youth's great ability. On their journey back, the travellers paid Goethe a visit. He writes to Zelter, on the 25th May, 1825, "Felix brought out his first quartett; everybody was thunderstruck; to hear the first performance of a work dedicated to me enhances the pleasure I feel at the compliment; it has done me much good too. In the June of the two years, he wrote to Mendelssohn himself a "Schones Liebeschreiben," as Zelter called it, and, in return, Felix presented Goethe with a translation of the Andria of Terence, which he had written under the guidance of his private tutor, Heyse. On the 11th of October, 1826, Goethe writes to Zelter, "Thank the excellent active Felix for his example of earnest practical study; his production, I expect, will be a source of amusement and usefulness to the artists of Weimar, in the long winter evenings before us." In the April of 1829, Moscheles induced Mendelssohn to take a tour through parts of England and Scotland. He had the misfortune, in London, to meet with a trifling accident scarcely worthy of note, except as proving how deep an interest was taken in his welfare by one of the greatest men of those days. He happened to be driving through the streets of London with a friend; the gig upset, and Mendelssohn, who was thrown out, received a contusion of the knee. Zelter wrote an account of the accident to Goethe, who answered in a letter full of sympathy, "I should like to hear if favourable reports can be given of the worthy Felix; the interest I take in him is great; it

is painful to see a man, who has already done so much, endangered, or at least prevented from active work, by an untoward accident."

It was now determined that Mendelssohn should journey to Italy; but before starting, he was honoured by Goethe's hospitality, who entertained him for a whole fortnight. Golden moments those few days must have been to the youthful guest, who was sent on his way rejoicing by the bard himself, who sang of "The land where the citrone bloom." From a letter of Goethe's to Zelter, we see what enjoyment he had derived from Mendelssohn's visit. It is dated June 3rd, 1830. "At half-past five o'clock this morning, with cloudless sky, and in the most lovely sunshine, the excellent Felix left my house. Ottilia (Goethe's wife), Ulrika (Madame Von Poggwisch), and the children (Walter Goethe, the present composer, &c.), were with him. Felix charmed us here a whole fortnight, and played delightfully. He is now on his way to Jena, there to bind his friends by the same delicious spell. His name, I assure you, will be always remembered with honour amongst us. His society has been of great advantage to me, for my interest and better feelings are always excited when I am listening to music. All historical associations connected with the art are valuable in my judgment; and Felix deserves great praise for his thorough knowledge of the gradations, and several periods in music. From the fact of his possessing a retentive memory, he can perform the *chef d'oeuvres* of all the different schools at his own time and pleasure. He first gave me specimens from the Bach epoch, and then brought me back again to Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck, finishing with the great composers of the present day, including his own productions, which make me feel and meditate. He leaves me under the auspices of my best wishes and blessings. Present my respects and congratulations to the worthy parents of this extraordinary young artist." From this time both poet and musician kept up a correspondence, until the death of the former. Goethe constantly alludes to the delightfully-interesting letters of Felix. 4th January, 1831—"You announce to me Felix's visit to Rome, and his prosperous sojourn in that city. Wherever he goes, he must of course meet with the same favourable reception, he unites great powers with such an amiable nature." And on the 31st of March, in the same year: "My chief news is that I have just received a delightful letter from Felix, dated from Rome, 5th of March. It gives me a lively picture of that remarkable young man. I feel quite sure of the success of his coming years: his genius will serve him as a "swimming jacket," to carry him safely over the breakers and stormy seas that always threaten rising greatness." The prophecy of the old king of poets was verified; for at a time when art was on the decline, and weeds growing luxuriously over the ruins, with what an inspired energy did Felix restore what had fallen, and raise a pure classical style on the base of his own original erections. I have laid great stress in the early part of my memoir on Goethe's friendship with Mendelssohn, for it was, as we before stated, a most important period in his career; and (strange to say,) most of those who have sketched outlines of his life have neglected the mention of it. Felix was the last scion of an age, when German artists of any pretensions acquired, in partially modelling from antiquity without sacrificing, their original power. Goethe, in whom the Grecian element so happily blended with the native German, influenced his friend in this direction by precept and example. The details of Mendelssohn's career will prove the truth of our statement. Let us look at the development of his genius, and return to that period when we left him as a boy under the care of Zelter and Ludwig Berger.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO WRITE AN OVERTURE.

Several years ago, a young composer had written an opera; nothing was wanting to complete it but the overture, which much embarrassed the youthful aspirant. His uncle, who was an excellent, but rather foolish old man, seeing the predicament in which he was placed, (for the rehearsals of the opera had already begun,) imagined a most extraordinary project. He secretly wrote to the illustrious Rossini the following letter:—

" My dear Sir,

" You have the reputation of being clever, obliging, and also of being an epicure. To the epicure then I send a *pâté de foie gras*. I appeal to his goodness; and trust the clever composer will reply to my question, and come to the aid of one of his future rivals. My nephew does not know how to set about writing the overture to an opera which he has composed. Would you be good enough, you who have written so many, to let me know your receipt for the same. When you had still some pretensions to renown, my demand might have appeared to you rather indiscreet, but since you have renounced all idea of glory, you cannot be now jealous of any one.

" Believe me, dear Sir, yours, &c."

Rossini hastened to write this highly amusing answer:—

" I am much flattered, Sir, at the preference that you have been kind enough to give my writings above those of my brother composers.

" First, I must tell you that I have never written anything except by the direst necessity. I could never understand what pleasure there could be in cudgelling one's brains, tiring one's fingers, and getting into a fever, to amuse a public, whose only pleasure in return is to get tired of those who have amused them. I am not at all a true partisan of industry; and think the finest and the most precious of the rights of man is to do nothing. That is, at least, what I have been doing since I have acquired, not by my works, however, but by some lucky speculations, the rights of idleness. If, then, I have a counsel to give your nephew, it is to imitate me in that. If, however, he should persist in his fantastic and incomprehensible idea of working, the following are the principal receipts which I have made use of during the miserable epoch of my existence when I was obliged to do something. Let him choose whichever appears to him the most convenient.

" 1st Rule, general and invariable. Always wait for the night before the first performance of an opera to write the overture. There is nothing so inspiring as necessity, and the delightful propinquity of a copyist, who awaits your composition shred by shred; also the sinister appearance of a despairing manager, who is tearing his hair out by the roots. The real *chefs-d'œuvre* of overtures have never been composed otherwise. In Italy, in my time, all the managers were bald at thirty.

" 2nd Receipt. I composed the overture to "Otello" in a small room at Barbaja's palace, where this most bald and ferocious of managers had locked me up, in company with some macaroni simply boiled in water, and a threat that I should never leave the room alive until I had composed the last note of the said overture.

" You could make use of this receipt very successfully with respect to your nephew; but mind, no *pâtés de foie gras*, they are only good for idlers like myself, and I thank you for the one you have honoured me by sending.

" 3rd Receipt. I composed the overture to "La Gazza Ladra," not the night before, but on the same day of the performance of that opera, on the roof of the theatre of "La Scala," at Milan; where the manager—a counterpart of the ferocious Barbaja—had placed me under the guard of four machinists. The mission of these executioners, was to throw my work, page by page, to the copyists who waited below, who having copied it, sent it phrase by phrase to the conductor, who rehearsed it as it came. If I did not write, these barbarians had orders to throw me, instead of my music, to the copyists.

" If you should possess a loft in your house, Sir, you might make use of it in a similar way with your nephew.

" 4th Receipt. I did much better for my overture to the "Barber of Seville." I didn't compose any at all; that is to say, that instead of the one I had written for this very comic opera, one was taken which I had written for "Elizabeth," a very serious one. The public was enchanted with the substitution.

" Your nephew, who has yet done nothing, might try this means, and borrow from himself another overture.

" 5th Receipt. I composed the overture to "Count Ory," one day, fishing at Petit-bourg, with my feet in the water, and in

company with M. Aguado, who never ceased all the time talking to me of Spanish finances, which teased me to death.

" I doubt not, Sir, that in a parallel case, your conversation might be of a nature to produce the same invigorating effect on your nephew's nerves.

" 6th Receipt. I composed the overture to "Guillaume Tell" in the middle of an apartment which I occupied on the Boulevard Montmartre, which was the resort, night and day, of all that Paris contained of the most absurd and noisy people, who came daily to smoke, drink, yell, stamp about, and humbug me, while I worked with fury, so as to hear them as little as possible.

" Perhaps, notwithstanding the progress of wit in France, you might find fools enough to procure this stimulant for your nephew. You might yourself powerfully aid in this result, and merit the largest share of your nephew's gratitude.

" 7th Receipt. I never composed the shadow of an overture for "Mosè in Egitto," which is by far the easiest plan. I doubt not that your good nephew may use with success the last-named receipt. It is the same that my excellent friend Meyerbeer has employed for "Roberto le Diable" and the "Huguenots," and he appears to have perfectly succeeded. I am told that he has used it also for the "Prophète."

" Accept, Sir, my best wishes for your nephew's renown, and many thanks for your excellent pie, and believe me,

" Yours very obediently,

" ROSSINI, Ex-composer."

GRISI AND MARIO IN THE PROVINCES.

(At Edinburgh, October 13.)

THE appearance of Madame Grisi and Signor Mario in the Theatre Royal, last evening, on the occasion of their first farewell concert, was hailed by assuredly the largest audience that has ever congregated within the walls of that house; the demand for accommodation being such that not only the whole of the orchestra, but the greater part of the stage had to be portioned off for reserved seats. The attractions offered by the "incomparable pair" was still further increased in the persons of Mesdames Doria and Dreyfus, with Signor Ciabatta, and Mr. J. L. Hatton. Madame Grisi was, on her entry, most flattering received, and, although evidently labouring under fatigue, exerted herself to please, and succeeded, as she always does, in delighting her audience. We know not the reason why, but her individual efforts were limited to one solitary piece, viz., the aria, "Qui la voce" (*Puritani*); in it, as a matter of course, she merited and received enthusiastic applause, and a most pressing recal, with which she obligingly complied. In the duet with Mario, "Ah! morir potessi adesso" (*Ernani*), and also the trio with Mario and Ciabatta, from the same opera, she was equally great.

Signor Mario was in excellent voice and spirits, and drew to himself a large share of the favour bestowed on the party by a clamorously exacting audience. His "Il mio tesoro" is at all times one of his greatest efforts, and, last evening, his singing of it again drew down the applause he is accustomed to receive. His chasteness of style and his correct taste are eminently displayed in the flowing rhythm of Mozart, while the florid passages and cadenzas are executed with the ease and total absence of effort belonging only to one perfect in all the details of the vocal art. In answering the recal he gave "In Terra si divisers," very beautifully. He was also very happy in the serenade from *Don Pasquale*, and again had a most uproarious call for repetition, which he good-naturedly complied with, assisted by the rest of the party in the chorus.

Madame Doria, who is new to an Edinburgh audience, was flatteringly received, and made a favourable appearance in the Recitative and Romance from the *Giulietta e Romeo*, of Vaccai,

"Ah! se tu dormi," also in the "Last Rose of Summer," being encored in the latter air. The evening's entertainment was agreeably diversified by the performance of Madame Dreyfus on the harmonium, an instrument the beauties of which are as yet comparatively unknown, but which, from its many admirable qualities and the variety of effects it is capable of producing, must rapidly gain favour in the estimation of the musical public. Her first piece was a selection from Meyerbeer's opera of *Le Prophète*, introducing the plain song or corale, "Ad nos ad salutarem undam," the sweet pastorele "Un impero," and the "Pas de patineurs," all of which were given with great truth. On being recalled, she complied with two morceaux from Herold's *Zamba*. A short selection from *La fille du régiment* formed the subject of another equally acceptable performance on the instrument. Signor Ciabatta made a good appearance in "M' appar sulla tomba," besides taking part in the duet with Madame Doria, "Oh di qual' onta" (*Nabucco*) and in the trio "Soltino errante" (*Ernani*).

Mr. J. L. Hatton's efforts were not the least interesting part of the evening's performance. Besides his discharging the duties of conductor with tact and ability, he contributed to the amusement of the audience by the exercise of his powers as a comic singer. On the whole the concert was eminently successful, and sets at rest a point on which grave doubts have been entertained, namely, whether it would be possible to bring back again the palmy days (nights?) of our Theatre Royal, for so long deserted by the influential portions of our townsfolks. The bumper house of last night, with its wide display of beauty and fashion (to use a hackneyed phrase) proves that, with the present management, and the many attractions it has in store for the public, the old friends of the house will again rally round and support it with their countenance.—*Edinburgh Advertiser*.

AT HANLEY.

The enthusiasm with which these eminent vocalists have been received at the different provincial towns they have visited in the course of their farewell tour, was cordially participated in by the musical public of the Potteries and its neighbourhood, on the occasion of the appearance of the incomparable pair at the Town Hall, Hanley, on Saturday last, when, under the auspices of Mr. George Simpson, a treat of the highest order was provided. So anxious a desire was manifested to take advantage of an opportunity which it is probable may never occur again in this locality, that several days previous to the concert, almost every seat was taken, and on Saturday evening the Hall was literally crowded with a brilliant and fashionable assembly; numbers, for whom sitting accommodation was an impossibility, considering themselves fortunate in being permitted to stand in every available square foot of room. Besides Grisi and Mario the *artistes* engaged were Madame Doria, Madame Dreyfus, the accomplished performer upon the harmonium, Signor Ciabatta, and Mr. J. L. Hatton, the well-known pianist. Both Grisi and Mario were in exquisite voice and excellent humour, and seemed, as indeed we understand they afterwards expressed themselves, much gratified with the warmth of their reception. Unexceptionably as the concert was opened by Madame Doria and Ciabatta with the charming duet, "O di qual' onta" from Verdi's *Nabucco*, their thrilling harmony was only half appreciated from the impatient anxiety of the audience to hear the wonderfully gifted Grisi and Mario. When they at length came forward, they were greeted with a prolonged burst of applause. The first piece allotted to them in the programme was Verdi's celebrated duet "Ah! morir potessi adesso," in which the pure and silvery tones, the revelling sweetness of expression of Grisi, and the chaste and graceful melody of the great tenor, were developed to the best advantage. This was

received with the greatest delight, and was *encored* and heard again with renewed gratification. The principal of the other pieces assigned to Madame Grisi, was the magnificent aria, "Qui la voce," into which she appeared to throw the whole power and beauty of her voice; and her execution, whilst it partook of the charm peculiar to her singing, was under the most perfect command. A *redemande* was asked by acclamation, and was most courteously acceded to. Mario, in reply to an *encore* of the beautiful canzone, "Venturiero fortunato," sang, as only he can render it, the admired serenade "Com è gentil," which, of itself perfection in such hands, was doubly applauded when the voices of the whole of the vocal *corps* were recognised in the chorus. This was unquestionably the gem of the evening. With regard to Madame Doria, the audience were apparently rather unprepared for so rich and powerful a contralto as that lady possesses. We may mention in particular that the sweet recitative "Ah! se tu dormi," and the plaintive ballad "The Last Rose of Summer," as being excellent illustrations of her capabilities. Signor Ciabatta, whose voice is a rich baritone, acquitted himself in a highly satisfactory manner. He appeared, we think, to the best advantage in Campana's aria "Ni appar sulla tomba." We must summarise the remainder of the programme. Madame Dreyfus brought out with considerable skill and delicacy the excellencies of recent improvements introduced by Collard and Collard into that effective instrument, the harmonium. Mr. Hatton, as usual, was excellent in his accompaniments and solo performances on the pianoforte, and, as a vocalist, humorous and vivacious; the song of the "Merry Little Fat Grey Man," which he gave with much point, affording great amusement. On the whole, we may say the concert was one of the most *recherche* and successful which has been given in this neighbourhood for a long time. We have only to add that the police arrangements with regard to carriages, &c., under the superintendence of Mr. Cole, were in the highest degree satisfactory.—*Staffordshire Advertiser*.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

GERMAN AND ITALIAN OPERAS.

For a long, dreary interval of many months, Manchester—all except the highly privileged 1200 who are admitted to the Concert-hall—has been a desert, musically speaking. Free Trade Hall has been closed since the concerts last spring, when Mr. Sims Reeves awakened its echoes—and all has been dull silence! At last the troupe of artistes, who appeared for a short season at Drury Lane, after the Royal Italian Opera closed—including the names of Madame Caradori, Herr Reichardt, and the renowned basso, Formes—have come to break the spell, and for a brief season, to charm our eyes and our ears with operatic performances at our Theatre Royal.

The Gentlemen's Glee Club, the Ardwick Glee Club, and a new one, called the Trafford Glee Club, (and *not* Stafford Glee Club,) have all resumed their monthly gatherings for the winter. The Madrigal Society preserves the even tenor of its way, "unheard, unseen," (except at their *one* public night,) and last not least, Mr. Charles Hallé announces his first Classical Chamber Concert, (or rather the first of the season, of the Classical Chamber Music Society, which he is Director and *chef*.) for Thursday, the 10th November next. So the privileged 1200 will not have the *next* six months music at Manchester entirely to themselves, however it may have been for the *last* six months.

But, *revurons a nos moutons*, or if not our *muttons*, to our German Opera Company.

The first opera was Weber's *Der Freischütz*, of which two representations have been given; the first on Monday, the second on Tuesday, (last night,) when we "assisted," as the French say

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

and have great pleasure on the whole in reporting a most favourable result.

It is twelve years last July, since this great work was given in the original German, and in all its integrity—by the most complete company, band, chorus, and principals, (all Germans,) ever heard in Manchester, and it is with a vivid recollection of the greatness of that performance, that we speak to the real excellence of the one last night.

In this instance, like the former, the great card—was the “Caspar.” In 1841, it was Staudigl; in 1853 it was Formes. We will make no unfair or invidious comparisons betwixt the two—both are great, each with his own characteristic excellencies. The singing and acting of Formes—whom we now saw and heard for the first time—produced a most forcible and powerful impression (on hundreds besides your “own correspondent”). He is very great in his peculiar way. He is far more dramatic and more demonstrative than his great predecessor. Anything more like a demon in the human form, we never saw so completely realised as in Formes’ “Caspar”—his bye-play, his action, his great command of expression in his features, all tended to create a character that became almost painful from the reality he imparted to it.

“Max,” the easy, good-hearted, but disappointed marksman, found a most fitting representative, as to youthful form and figure, in Herr Reichardt, who is also a highly-intelligent and expressive tenor singer, wanting only somewhat in power and sweetness to become a truly great one. The “Head Ranger” was fairly though somewhat heavily presented to us by Signor Gregorio, of the Royal Italian Opera.

The ladies were Mdlle. Caradori, as “Agatha,” and Mdlle. Zimmerman, as “Anchen”—excellent vocalists both—and stout—very stout. Still, after having seen and heard the great and youthful Alboni, how can we take exception to their embonpoint? Madame Caradori is a fine dramatic singer, with a powerful voice, and great expression. As an actress she is entitled to hold a very high rank.

The chorus was a mixed one, the bulk being from London, and composed of Germans chiefly; the rest our Manchester singers, who laboured under the disadvantage of singing in (to them) an unknown tongue, for the first time. The band, under the conduct of Mr. Loder, was the regular one, slightly strengthened in the violin department, and chiefly deficient in the flute, and in the want of a second cello, and another double bass.

We shall be more brief as to the performance. The overture—perhaps the best known one of modern times—was well played and loudly applauded. After a slight notch at start, which Mr. Loder soon set to rights with his baton, the opening chorus, “Victoria,” went very well. So did the jeering chorus, which immediately follows. One of the best performed pieces was decidedly the trio and chorus, “O! Diese Sonne;” the harmonies—on the words—“O, Lass Hoffnung,” (perhaps the finest bit Webber ever produced) were given with a powerfully thrilling effect. Herr Reichardt threw great pathos and feeling into his grand scena, “Durch die Wälder” (“Through the Forest”); but Herr Formes fairly electrified the folks in the well-known drinking song, which he trolled out with a vengeance! We thought it a little too boisterous, perhaps, but still it was scarcely out of keeping with the fierce, rough energy imparted to the character by Formes. His next essay—the “Vengeance Song”—we thought, was a truly splendid performance; it was the condensation of the worst passions, most terribly real and fearful to behold, yet given in a most artistic manner.

The two ladies pleased us very much in all they did, from their opening duet, “Zchelm Halt Fest,” to their last notes in the closing finale. Mdlle. Zimmerman has a very sweet voice, a little deficient in her highest notes, but she gave Anchen’s songs with their true, arch, playful character, and sang the solos in the bridal chorus very nicely. Mdlle. Caradori has powers of a much higher order, and surprised us, by the style in which she gave the Grand Scena, “Wie nacht, &c. It allows of no little variety of display to any *prima donna*, possessed of even less highly gifted powers than Mdlle. Caradori. Suffice it to say, she gave full and proper effect to each movement of this well known and trying scena, and the terzetto, “Wie? was? entsetzer!” was admirably sung by Reichardt and the two ladies. The Huntsman’s

Chorus was admirably given; although, now so hackneyed, it did not obtain its well-merited encore. In fact, encores were very properly eschewed the whole night; after any greater effort than usual, the singers were simply recalled at once, and allowed to depart after making their bow or curtsey. The well-known, but beautiful, finale had ample justice done to it on all hands; and the only bits in the whole opera, that we could really have wished to have heard repeated, were the harmony, in the first act, before alluded to, “O, Lass Hoffnung” (O, let Hope, &c.), and the scarcely less fine bit in the finale, at, “Die Tuknoff,” led by the tenor; but even to have had these repeated would have interrupted the action and the scene.

On the whole we were right well pleased—pleased, in the first place, to have a taste of opera in Manchester again, after an interval of four years—and pleased greatly by the performance of *Der Freischütz*. It is not known as yet what other operas will be given by the company during their stay; but two, in Italian, *Norma*, on Thursday; *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Friday, will have been given, when they appear in the pages of the *Musical World*. Mr. C. F. Anthony, who had the difficult task of drilling the Manchester chorus in German, deserves a word of praise.

MUSIC AT LEEDS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

LEEDS MUSICAL UNION.—The Second Full Dress Concert took place in the Music Hall, on Tuesday Evening last, October 18th. The artists announced were Madame Grisi, Madame Doria, Signor Mario, Signor Ciabatta, and Mr. J. L. Hatton. Harmonium, Madame Dreyfus; Leader, Mr. H. Blagrove; Principal Violoncello, Mr. Hausmann; Principal Viola, Mr. Clementi; Principal Contra Bass, Mr. Severn; together with a full and efficient Band. Conductor and Accompanist, Mr. J. L. Hatton.

This “stunning” list of musical celebrities raised quite an excitement in the town, weeks before the concert came off. The potent names of Grisi and Mario, and the great musical feast which the committee of the Musical Union had provided, were the subjects of conversation in every musical circle. The result was that the few vacancies in the subscription list were eagerly sought, and every stranger’s ticket was sold before the concert. Had the Music Hall been three times as large, there is no doubt it would have been well filled.

All the pleasure anticipated, however, was not realized. Great was the consternation of the Committee, and still greater the disappointment to the subscribers and visitors, when it became known that a telegraphic communication had been received from Hull, on the morning of the Concert, announcing the “Diva’s” sudden indisposition, and her total incapacity to sing. Still Mario—the incomparable and captivating Mario—was all right, and had promised to substitute several extra songs to compensate, as much as possible, for Grisi’s unavoidable absence—and triumphantly did he accomplish his task. Mario was in splendid voice; Mario was in the best possible humour; Mario never sang more divinely; in short, Mario was, all in all, the soul of the concert.

But before entering into any detailed criticism on the various performances, we will give the Programme, as it stood before the alterations and substitutions were made, consequent upon Grisi’s absence.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

Overture. “Don Giovanni”	Mozart.
Duett. “O du Geliebte.” Madame Doria and Signor Ciabatta	Nicolai.
Duett. “Mira la bianca luna.” Madame Grisi and Signor Mario	Rossini.
Quartett in E flat. Messrs. Hatton, Blagrove, Clementi, and Hausmann	Beethoven.
Song. “Der Erl König.” Madame Doria	Schubert.
Aria. “Il mio tesoro.” Signor Mario. (Don Giovanni)	Mozart.
Solo—Harmonium. Madame Dreyfus. (La fille du Regiment)	Donizetti.

Quintett. "Di scrivermi." Madame Grisi, Madame Doria, Signori Mario, Ciabatta, and Mr. Hatton	Mozart.
Overture. "Cenerentola"	Rossini.
PART SECOND.	
Overture. "Masaniello."	Auber.
Aria. "Qui la voce." Madame Grisi. (I Puritani)	Bellini.
Aria. "Da quel di." Signor Ciabatta.	Flotow.
Recit and Romanza. "Ah! se tu dormi," Madame Doria. (Giulietta e Romeo)	Raccai.
Adagio from Quartett No. 1: Messrs. Blagrove, Haddock, Clementi, and Hausmann	Beethoven.
Aria. "In terra ci divisero." Signor Mario.	Mercadante.
Duet. "Pronta io son." Madame Grisi and Signor Ciabatta. (Don Pasquale)	Donizetti.
Coro. "Siamo ciechi." Madame Grisi, Madame Doria, Signora Mario and Ciabatta, and Mr. Hatton.	Rossini.
Overture. "Preciosa."	Weber.

The first thing that must occur to most musical people on glancing over the above, is the absence of "young Verdi" from the list of composers. The truth is, Verdi's music is not, never was, and probably never will be, acceptable to a Leeds audience, who for the most part much prefer music to noise; melody, form, beauty, and purpose in composition, to a mass of incongruous harmonies, and unmeaning, inexpressive imaginings.

Mario's first effort was in Rossini's duet, "Mira la bianca luna," in which Madame Doria sustained the part set down for Grisi. The duet made but little impression, though it was nicely vocalized by both artistes, Mario especially exhibiting the great compass and pure quality of his magnificent organ to great advantage.

His first triumph was in Mozart's delicious Aria, "Il mio tesoro." Nothing could exceed the easy, graceful, and expressive style in which Mario rendered this heavenly melody. It was a perfect specimen of the highest order of vocalism, from the first note to the last. There was no apparent effort, no absurd gesticulation, or mechanical motion of the head, which too many vocalists adopt to compensate for some deficiency of voice or style. And yet who would venture to say that Mario was either inert or inexpressive? The alternate energy and tenderness which he infused into this pure Mozartean inspiration, were conceived with a just appreciation of its meaning, and need we add that it was faultlessly executed. The audience manifested their delight by rapturous applause, and the gentlemen, no less than the ladies, were joyed to see "dear Mario" re-appear. The first few chords of the familiar "Come è gentil" brought down a fresh burst of applause, and the audience were entranced while the graceful tenor warbled this charming ditty as only Mario can give it. The effect of the serenade was greatly heightened by the choral accompaniments, *sotto voce*, sung by Doria and Ciabatta behind; and a still further and capital effect was obtained by a few well-placed *pizzacatto* notes from Herr Hausmann's violoncello, and Mr. Severn's double bass.

But, if Mario excited the enthusiasm of the audience in the first part, it was much increased in the second part of the concert. Instead of Grisi's "Qui la voce," he sang in the most bewitching manner Beethoven's master song "Adelaide;" its performance altogether disarms criticism—it was perfect. We noticed that "Adelaide" was given half a note higher than usually sung, B major being the key on the present occasion.

The *encore* which followed, again brought the favourite tenor forward, when he gave Hatton's new and peculiarly beautiful, taking English ballad, "Good bye, sweetheart." Mario's pronunciation of the words agreeably surprised us. With one or two trifling exceptions, not a syllable was either lost, mis-pronounced, or mis-accented. He entered thoroughly into the spirit of the song, dwelling with thrilling tenderness and effect on the concluding phrase, "good bye, sweetheart, good bye." As might be expected, at the conclusion, the applause was uproarious; "Would we could have it again!" was upon every tongue.

Mario's last song, Mercadante's aria, "In terra ci divisero," was not less successful than either of the others. Notwithstanding this was his *fifth* solo, the audience became so enthusiastic in applauding, that Mario, who seemed much pleased with his recep-

tion, returned to the orchestra, and as a finale, gave, in the most exquisite manner, Donizetti's popular "Spirito gentil," in which he displayed his delicious falsetto notes with great effect.

Madame Doria's best effort was in Raccaj's recit and aria, "Ah! se tu dormi." It was sung with much taste and expression, and was warmly applauded. Signor Ciabatta, too, came in for his share of applause for a careful and effective performance of Flotow's aria "Da quel di."

Mr. J. L. Hatton, who is a great favourite in Leeds, where he has many friends, contributed not a little to the success of the concert. His duties were manifold. He conducted the overtures, sang in some concerted pieces, played in a pianoforte quartett, accompanied all the vocal music, and sang a couple of racy, humourous songs! In each and all of these departments, Mr. Hatton displayed the mind and hand of a master.

Beethoven's quartett in E flat was beautifully played by him in conjunction with Mr. Blagrove, (violin,) Mr. Clementi, (viola,) and Herr Hausmann. Nor must we omit to notice the very tasteful execution of the *Adagio*, from Beethoven's quartet, No. 1, by Messrs. Blagrove, G. Haddock, Clementi, and Hausmann. Its position in the programme was a mistake, nevertheless its performance afforded much pleasure to the musician and accomplished amateur.

The band disappointed us. With such a goodly number of strings, and such leaders as Blagrove, Clementi, Hausmann, and Severn, we anticipated a splendid performance of the four overtures, *Don Giovanni*, *Preciosa*, *Masaniello*, and *Cenerentola*, three of which we have had in Leeds for some years, *usque ad nauem*. The time seems as far distant as ever for the Musical Union to give their subscribers either a part or the whole of some instrumental work, in the place of three or four school, popular, easy, and pretty overtures. When are we to have the *Walpurgis Night*, the finale to *Lovely*, or the *Desert* symphony, by David? We believe that the next concert will be entirely devoted to English music, interpreted by English artists.

The People's Concerts, under the direction of the Rational Recreation Society, Sir George Goodman, M.P., President, continue to attract crowded and delighted audiences. They are held every week, in the Music Hall, and are conducted by Mr. Sparks.

Next Thursday we are to have a grand concert, with Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mons. Prudent, the pianist, &c.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OUR Theatre Royal has only been opened one night this week, viz., on Wednesday, when it was most densely crowded, in every part, by a numerous and fashionable audience, who had assembled to see Mr. Charles Matthews in the splendid comedy of *The Game of Speculation*, and the farce of *Little Toddlekins*, the performances being for the benefit of that old favourite and capital actor, Mr. Basil Baker, who, with his daughter, received a hearty welcome from their numerous friends. Mr. G. V. Brooke, who, after being snubbed by the London critics, has forced them to acknowledge his decided talents, commences a brief engagement on Monday next.

At our Royal Amphitheatre, the performances of Madame Celeste and Mr. Webster still continue very attractive; a fact due more to their talents than to the pieces in which they appear. The melo-drama of *Genevieve*, lately produced at the Adelphi Theatre, greatly disappointed us. The incidents have been used over and over again, while the story is unusually complicated, and the denouement utterly incomprehensible. How such pieces achieve a success in the metropolis is truly a marvel, but in theatrical matters, the Cockneys certainly are not the best of judges, whatever they may assert to the contrary. To-morrow (Friday) evening, Mr. Benjamin Webster takes his benefit, when he will play *Lavater*, in the drama of that name. His performance of the famous philosopher and physiognomist is one of his best, and gives him an opportunity of displaying that intelligence and refinement which are the most notable characteristics of his acting. This evening, an amateur performance takes place at the Royal Park Theatre, for the benefit of James Browne, so long connected with

our theatre, and ever a most deservedly popular actor. All the tickets have been sold some time since, and it is to be hoped that sufficient funds will be realised to procure provision for him for some few months.

Grisi and Mario, accompanied by the other artistes who appeared with them here recently, are to sing at the annual concert of Mrs. Scarisbrick, which takes place at the beautiful new Music Hall, Bold Street, on the 31st instant. As many were unable to hear these great artistes at the Philharmonic Concerts, the public are certainly greatly indebted to the liberality and spirit of Mrs. Scarisbrick, who will thus enable the admirers of the highest class of vocalism to hear, perhaps for the last time, its greatest living exponents.

Grisi is to sing "Casta Diva," and Mario, "Good bye, sweetheart, good bye," by J. L. Hatton. The Orchestral Union give their first concert, in this town, on Tuesday evening next, at the Philharmonic Hall, where we shall be afforded an opportunity of hearing a concert of the highest class of instrumental music, performed by a troupe of artistes of unrivalled excellence, and in style of perfection never before attempted here. The English Glee and Madrigal Union, consisting of Mrs. Endersohn, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Henry Phillips, will sing at the seventh subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society, which takes place on the 1st of November. Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," which has been some time in rehearsal, will be performed the same evening. On the 31st inst., our Theatre-Royal will be opened for a series of Italian and Germanic operatic performances, which will, we believe, far surpass any given in this town for many years past, not only for the individual talents of the artistes, but for the completeness of ensemble, always the great failing in operatic performance here. The principal vocalists are Madame Caradori, Madame Zimmerman, Herr Reichardt, tenor, and Herr Formes, basso profondo. The chorus are all from the Royal Italian Opera. The director of the troupe is Mr. Jarrett, the celebrated horn player in M. Jullien's band; and, up to the present time, they have been most successful in London, Hull, and Leeds, and are now drawing crowded houses every night in Manchester. The operas to be given here are *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *The Huguenots*, and a portion of *Robert the Devil*, in Italian; *Fidelio* and *Der Freischütz*, in German; and *Acis* and *Galatea*, in English. We shall be able to give fuller details shortly, and we hope that the public will cause Mr. Jarrett and Mr. Copeland no reason to regret their truly spirited efforts to present to the Liverpool public operatic performances worthy of the name.

At any rate, our public are anxiously expecting to hear them, and if they are (what operatic performances here have never been for the last dozen years) first rate, there is little fear of public support. Mr. Jarrett, however, must look to his band, or I fear the worst. Verb sat sap.

Liverpool, Oct. 20, 1853.

J. H. N.

Foreign.

PARIS, OCTOBER 16.—The *Prophète*, with Roger and Mme. Tedesco, was performed at the Académie Impériale de Musique, on Monday last, and on Thursday *Robert le Diable*, with Guemard, Depassio, Mmes. Poinsot and Laborde. The house on both occasions was crowded. On Wednesday, *Der Freischütz* was given, with the new ballet, *Elia and Myris*. The new ballet for Rosati is progressing rapidly, and the rehearsals of *La Norne Sanglante* will commence in a few days.—The Théâtre Français will soon bring out a piece, entitled *La Corde de Pendu*. M. Meyerbeer has written a new ballade especially for the occasion, which will be sung by Brindepau.—The Opéra Comique will soon be ready for the first representation of *Colette*, opéra comique in three acts, by MM. de Planard and Justin Cadaux. This work is well spoken of behind the scenes; it is to be got up regardless of expense. Mlle. Lefebvre will play the part of Colette, and it is said it suits the *naïve* and *seduisant* talent of this young artiste in every way. Bussine, Sainte-Foy, Riequier, and Mlle. Révilly will sustain the other characters in the opera. *Le Nubab* has been performed, always with the same success, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. *Haydee*, *Marco Spada*, *Le Toréador*, *La Fille du*

Regiment, *Le Deserter*, *l'Epreuve Villageoise*, and *les Noces de Jeannette*, have filled up the other evenings.—According to all opinions the Théâtre Italien will re-open about the middle of November.—At the Théâtre Lyrique, the success of Mme. Cabel, in the *Bijou perdu*, has increased every night. The opera is quite the vogue now, and the music of Adolph Adam is generally admired. M. Piermarini has not made it known that Mme. Cabel was his pupil for more than two years. On Saturday, Mlle. Gerard continued her success in the *Diable à quatre*. Two sisters, the Mdlles. Dulcken (nieces of the late Madame Dulcken, so well known in London), who have met with great success in Germany, Poland, and Russia, have arrived in Paris.—Mlle. Laure Dancla, from Tarbes, in the Hautes-Pyrénées, who possesses great talents as a pianiste, is now in Paris; she has already played at several soirées musicales, and has proved herself a pianist both of energy and delicacy, in the classical as well as in the modern school, and joining to a brilliant execution the rare quality of poetical reading necessary to interpret the works of Mendelssohn, &c. Mlle. Laure Dancla has also the talent of being able to write charming studies, fantaisies, caprices, and etincelles musicales, that draw down upon her considerable applause, both as composer and pianiste.—M. Cohen, a distinguished professor, has left us for Lille, to undertake the duties of director of the Conservatoire in that city. M. Cohen is well known as a composer, and justly enjoys an excellent reputation, and which cannot but increase in the new position he has undertaken.—Berlioz has left Paris for Bremen, whence he proceeds to Brunswick and Hanover, where he is engaged to bring out his dramatic symphony of *Faust*.—Kastner, the composer, has fixed his residence in Paris.—Liszt has arrived, but he will only remain a few days.—Richard Wagner has also arrived in Paris.

BERLIN.—The Frederic Wilhelmstadt Theatre has reproduced the *Giralda*, of Adolph Adam, and the direction has reaped great benefit from the public crowding to listen to it. Madame Kuchenmeister played the principal part to perfection. At the Opera House, Madame Koester, who has returned from her trip to Vienna, made her *entrée* in the part of Fidelio, and the public received the charming singer with every evidence of satisfaction. We have here a musical society, of which the orchestra is composed of none but the officers of the garrison. M. de Dreski, Captain of Artillery, is the director. M. de Hulsen, Captain of the 2nd regiment of the Guard, is the *chef d'orchestre*. The inauguration of the monument to be erected to the memory of their ancient director, Rugenhager, at the cemetery of la porte d'Oriébourg, will soon take place.

VIENNA.—It is rumoured that M. Romani has written the libretto of an opera, to which Thalberg is composing the music, and which will be produced here. Johanna Wagner continues here, and has been singing the part of Leonora in the *Favorite*. Ander, who has recovered from his indisposition, has made his *entrée* in the part of Lyonel, in *Martha*. The public received their favourite tenor with great enthusiasm.

Dramatic.

FRENCH PLAYS.—SOHO THEATRE.—The principal novelties during the week have been the production of the three vaudevilles—*Prosper et Vincent*, *La chute des Feuilles*, and *Le ci-devant jeune homme*. *Roquelaure*, however, still continues its attraction, and was performed on Thursday evening to a crowded audience. The dialogue of this drama is so replete with wit and repartee, that every second sentence is followed by a roar from the spectators. Mons. Armand Villot's impersonation of the hero—a fearfully ugly man, desperately enamoured of a young and beautiful lady—presents a combination of grotesque buffoonery and passionate devotion, which stamps the character as a creation of his own. The "female interest" at this theatre, still centres in Mlle. de la Brière (an exceedingly pretty name, in every respect worthy of its excessively pretty owner), who infuses a quiet elegance into every character she impersonates, quite refreshing in these days of histrionic "sound and fury." She is fortunate in the possession of that "excellent thing in woman," an agreeable and sympathetic voice. The *Ci-devant jeune homme* (produced on Thursday even-

ing) proved a very "deadly-lively" affair; and Mons. Fourey, in his impersonation of the hero, fully realized the ominous foreboding conveyed by the first syllable of his name. (Gentle reader, "four," in French theatrical parlance, means "downright failure".)

OLYMPIC.—Mr. A. Wigan, the new lessee, opened this theatre on last Monday night, and long before the rising of the curtain the house was crowded in every part. This, however, is generally the case with every new management until the public have gratified their curiosity, which most managers find that they do in an incredibly short space of time. But we believe that Mr. A. Wigan is destined to prove an exception, and that the success which has attended his enterprise during the present week, is but an earnest of what is to come. He has given the public something really good, and he will find that the public will only be too delighted to prove to him that it is not their fault that there has been so much said about the "decline of the Drama," and so on. The long and short of the matter is, that they will *not* go to see pieces that are badly written, (however legitimate and Elizabethan,) badly acted, and badly put upon the stage; but they *will* go to see pieces that bear the stamp of anything like freshness and originality, and which are supported by persons worthy of that much abused term, "actor!" The managers, not the public, are answerable for the "Decline of the Drama." Let those who doubt this, pay a visit to the Olympic; by so doing, they will convince themselves of the truth of our assertion, which of course will be highly gratifying to ourselves as critics, and, no doubt, equally so to Mr. A. Wigan, as manager.

As most authors think it absolutely necessary to precede their book by a preface, so, it seems, most managers consider that they must commence their direction of a theatre by what is termed a *piece de circonstance*. In obedience to this seemingly immutable law to which the British Drama is subjected, Mr. A. Wigan gives us the *Camp at the Olympic*, by Mr. Planche, in which that well-known author treats *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, and introduces, in a series of well-turned, elegant lines, the various members of the new company to the audience. The piece is well got up, and fulfils the purpose for which it was intended.

But the great attraction of the bill is the new drama of *Plot and Passion*; a drama which will, we think, not cease running until the majority of the two millions and odd inhabitants of this metropolis have been to see it. Its success is attributable to two reasons:—the strong interest of the story, and the admirable manner in which the principal characters are sustained. The author, Mr. Tom Taylor, has shown great powers of construction. The audience are held in a state of breathless suspense until the fall of the curtain, very different from the listless indifference with which they view pieces of the old, humdrum, would-be Elizabethan order, which consist of a certain number of scenes strung together with a due quantity of *Beshrew-me's* and *Marry come up's*, merely for the sake of giving one particular actor the opportunity of making a certain number of points, while all the other personages are absolute nonentities. Such pieces may please a leading tragedian, but they certainly do not delight an audience. This is not the case in Mr. Tom Taylor's drama. There every character is made subservient to one grand end, namely, the gradual and artistic evolution of the plot, and the success achieved affords convincing proof that action should ever be the first object in a dramatist's eye. Character and dialogue are, of course, indispensable aids, but they are subservient to action. The French dramatists are well acquainted with this fact, and hence the great care, attended with such gratifying results, which they always pay to construction. English authors are beginning to see the matter in the same light. We believe that a new description of play will soon drive from the stage those written on the old model; and certainly Mr. Tom Taylor may lay claim to having been one of the first to cast aside old worn-out prejudices, and strike out a new path.

The characters are well conceived, and forcibly drawn. That of Fouché, Duke of Otranto, the celebrated minister of police, is admirably played by Mr. Emery, whom we are glad to welcome again, after an absence of eight months from the stage. Mr. Emery's conception of the part is faultless, and carried out in a masterly manner. The calm, imperturbable assurance, the relentless and

determined will, the daring cunning, if we may use the term, and the unprincipled and ambitious nature of Napoleon's agent, are rendered with consummate skill. Mr. A. Wigan's Alfred de Neuville is an impassioned piece of acting, full of the fire and impetuosity of the young Creole, tempered down by the most exquisite good breeding. In the second act, especially where he urges his suit to Madame de Fontanges (Mrs. Sterling), he greatly pleased us. His tremulous, husky voice, half-choked by emotion, his half-hopeful, half-despairing look, his respectful, modest earnestness, while sueing at the feet of the woman he adores, were wonderfully true to nature. As Madame de Fontanges, Mrs. Sterling was, as a matter of course, good, for she always is so; but still, it struck us, that in some of her greatest scenes, her style was not sufficiently elevated—it wanted dignity. She endeavoured to be naive and simple, and was rather too successful.

In addition to the personages already mentioned, there is another: Maximilian Desmaretz, an agent of Fouché, a poor, wretched, and seemingly insignificant old man, played by Mr. F. Robson. We need not remind our readers of the manner in which Mr. Robson took the town by storm, and the triumphs he achieved some months since, in Mr. F. Talfourd's burlesques, and in the farce of the *Wandering Minstrel*. People then said: "We have got a first-rate burlesque actor." We thought they had got something more than this, and we said so. We said that they had got an actor capable of impersonating the most elevated style of character in the whole range of the drama. We said, for instance, that Mr. Robson would play Shakespere's *Shylock* quite as well as he played Mr. Talfourd's *Shylock*, and thus the effect would be infinitely greater, because he would have an infinitely greater field for the display of his talent. His performance on Monday surprised others, but it did not surprise us; it only convinced us that we were not mistaken in our judgment. Nothing could well be finer, more effective, more truthful, and, in the impassioned scenes, more terrific than his Desmaretz. Never were cringing servility, low cunning, stern resolution, and the sickening hopelessness of an unrequited love, more admirably represented. Mr. Robson's Desmaretz is equal to Rachel's finest creations. He certainly has made sure of the "*Olympiacus premia palma*," which for the benefit of our lady readers, we beg to say, means the hand of the Olympic public, as is testified by the rapturous manner in which he is invariably applauded throughout his performance.

MARYLEBONE.—This theatre has re-opened under the management of Mr. J. W. Wallack, and will, doubtless, prove a most attractive place of amusement, not only for the inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood, but also for play-goers from all parts of London. The company is exceedingly good, and the pieces admirably put upon the stage. The house has been re-decorated, and is one of the prettiest in the metropolis. We had not an opportunity of witnessing the *debuts* of Mr. and Mrs. Wallack in the tragedy of *Macbeth*, but shall do so at the earliest possible opportunity, and present our readers with a true account of the impression produced upon. Meanwhile we may state, that report speaks very highly of the acting both of Mr. and Mrs. Wallack.

ON THE PECULIARITIES OF CHINESE MUSIC, AND ITS GENERAL APPLICABILITY IN CARRYING OUT THE EXPRESSION OF THE PASSIONS, &c.

BY T. H. TOMLINSON.

THE Chinese have no staff, nor marks or characters to denote the time, the key, or expression. Their scale for instrumental music is very imperfect, and their military and theatrical bands are represented as horrible. The English officers who accompanied Lord Macartney on his embassy, compared the latter to the confused jingle of Bartholomew fair; and Mr. Ellis says myriads of cracked penny trumpets give the best idea of Chinese military music.

The Chinese shewed the most marked indifference for English music, when they heard Lord Macartney's band, observing that it was not made for Chinese ears; and one of them said, "Our melodies go from the ear to the heart, and from the heart to the

mind; we feel them, we understand them; but the music which you have just played we neither feel nor understand, it does not move us." He further observed, "Music is the language of feeling; all our passions have their corresponding tones and proper language, and therefore music, to be good, must be in accordance with the passion it pretends to express."

Music forms a component part of the Chinese drama, but it is only when the author has reached the paroxysm of passion, that he calls it to his aid, in order that he may give force to his words, which, in themselves, would be inadequate to the expression intended to be conveyed.

To a people evidently well acquainted with poetry, theatrical exhibitions, and possessing so many classical instruments of different capacities and forms, it is not easy to deny a knowledge of music superior to that of any other of the Eastern nations, although it has certainly declined in the present day; and Wilkinson, in his "Sketches of China," in describing the music that accompanied a theatrical performance at which he was present, gives a most ludicrous idea of their proficiency. "The squalling of a number of cats, in courtship or hostility, with the clattering of sticks—with which, from the regularity of their movements, they appear to mark their time—might be considered as charming, compared with the frightful and alarming outrage upon all numbers of harmony."

Dr. Burney mentions a Chinese instrument which he saw at Paris, in the possession of the Abbé Arnaud. It had no semitones, and was a kind of sticcadò, consisting of bars of wood of different lengths, as sonorous as if they had been of metal. These were placed across a hollow vessel, resembling the hull of a ship. The compass was two octaves; and it is most probable that it was from this, or a similar instrument, that the celebrated Strauss had taken the idea of the sticcadò he made use of in accompanying his waltzes, by the use of which he took you quite by surprise, and produced the most extraordinary effect.

The most ancient instrument of the Chinese (which I have named before), is called the Kin, and consists of stones cut into the shape of a carpenter's square, each stone suspended by the corner, in a wooden frame; it is played by being beat with a round mallet like a gong, which is also a Chinese instrument. But the instrument most calculated to please European ears, is called the Ching. It is a beautiful instrument, which has a gourd for its basis, and represents, in the arrangement of its reeds, or bamboo-pipes, the column of an organ. It has from thirteen to nineteen pipes, which speak either by blowing or inhaling; and as many ventages as are covered with the fingers, so many sounds will be produced. Duets, or even chords, may therefore be played on a single instrument. Its tone is more sweet and delicate than that of any of our wind instruments. It is not loud enough for a theatre or concert room; but, in a small apartment, if performed upon by a skilful musician of taste and science, it might be made the most exquisite and captivating of instruments.

The most ancient instrument on record is the Chinese *Bisen*, in the form of an egg, pierced with five holes, without reckoning the embouchure,—three at the bottom, and three at the top. Père Amiot pretends to trace this instrument two thousand years before the Christian era. He speaks very highly of the *Kin* and *Chè*. Of the latter, he said, that we had no instrument in Europe which deserved to be preferred to it. They are both stringed instruments; the former having seven, and the latter twenty-five strings, made of silk.

Sir George Staunton appears to have entertained a much higher opinion of Chinese music than Mr. Ellis and the majority of his companions. He says, they "have a vast variety of musical instruments, formed upon the same principles, and with a view to produce the same effect as those of Europe." "At Zhe-hol," he says, "the singers had such command over their voices, as to resemble the musical glasses at a distance;" and adds, "the judges of music among the gentlemen of the embassy, were much pleased with their execution." Sir George Staunton also says that the embassy attended the performance of a kind of historical opera, at Turon, in Cochin-China, in which were the recitative, the air, and the chorus, as regular as upon the Italian stage; and that some of the female performers were by no means despicable singers. There appears to be a difference of opinion in de-

scribing the *Kin*; for F. Alvarez Semedos says it is played upon by striking it with a round mallet; while Père Amiot describes it as an instrument with seven silken strings.

It will not be uninteresting to give the remarks made by the Russian counsellor, Timkowski, on dramatic music in China. He says that no attention is paid to the *genera* upon the Chinese stage; the same piece is at once a mixture of tragedy, comedy, and opera. But little use is made of music, considered as a distinct means of amusement. It is only when the author has reached the paroxysm of passion, that he calls it to his aid, in order that he may give form to his words, which, of themselves, would be inadequate to the expression intended to be conveyed. It is remarkable that a people so far behind us in respect to the arts, should naturally have discovered the true employment of dramatic music, so frequently misunderstood among ourselves; and that they should have been guided by their feelings to know that, though music cannot paint, in the acceptation which several literati have given to this term, it can express, in another and more forcible manner than words, those powerful feelings that engross the whole soul of the person affected. Were this principle once perfectly understood, our eternal prosers upon music might be made to understand that the repetition of words, even when carried to excess in an impassioned situation, so far from being an extravagance merely tolerated by custom, is, on the contrary, conformable to nature herself; for there is no one who is in the habit of observing and reflecting upon what passes within himself, but has perceived, that, in moments of great excitement and emotion, we fall into a circle of ideas from which it is impossible to get free for some considerable time, or to find other words than those upon which we first hit, to express the feelings predominant in the mind. It strikes me, that, in the composition of an opera, the poet should be guided by this observation, and construct his poem, with reference to music, according to the principles upon which this observation is founded. Even if a very considerable portion of the piece is lyrical, that portion will never be thought in excess, if the music be introduced at moments when the influence of passion is active and predominant. If, void of discernment, the poet persist in employing it in those parts of the action which ought to advance with rapidity, he will, of necessity, oblige the composer to produce what is both dry and irrelevant.

There doubtless are situations in which this rule may be modified, though never properly, but by a poet who has felt the necessity of looking beyond the limit of his particular field of study, and has taken pains to reflect upon the true nature of the musical art.

Reviews of Music.

"SOFTLY FALLS THE DEW OF EVEN"—Aria. Composed expressly for Mr. Lockey, and sung by him at the Gloucester Musical Festival—Poetry by DESMOND RYAN—Music composed by LOVELL PHILLIPS. Addison and Hollier.

We have already—in our notice of the Gloucester Festival—spoken in high terms of this graceful and elegant composition. Mr. Lockey's neat and expressive singing no doubt tended much to the eminent success which Mr. Lovell Phillips' song met with on that occasion. In itself, however, "Softly falls the Dew of Even" contains every element of popularity. It is highly melodious, admirably written, and both tune and accompaniment cannot fail to attract singer and performer. The song is one of the composer's best—and that is praise of the highest. It is in the key of F, and the highest note given to the voice is F, thus adapting itself to the general run of voices. Mr. Phillips has supplied an obligato for the horn, which materially enhances the beauty of the song.

"HAIL, QUEEN OF MAY"—Written, in Commemoration of the Great Exhibition, by W. ARMSTEAD—Composed and Dedicated to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by EDWARD PERRY. Robert W. Ollivier.

Price 2s. 6d. This is a good deal for a song of this calibre; but then there is the supposititious likeness of Queen Victoria, and the public are understood to pay a trifle extra to show their loyalty. There is ingenuity in the verses, and tune in the music, but hardly enough to entitle either to our unqualified praise.

"Hail, Queen of May" must be content to pass muster with such as stand beyond the pale of our censure.

"THE FARIES' INVITATION"—Ballad. By EDWARD PERRY. Charles and Robert Ollivier.

The words are such as a school-child might jingle to himself in the play-ground. We are not surprised that they did not inspire the composer. The ballad does not betray the least inspiration. "The Faries' Invitation," is at all events better than "The Queen of May." It is a pity that composers should attempt to write their own rhymes. We never knew one succeed—saving Tom Moore, Haines Bayley, Augustus Wade, and Sam Lover; and three of these were Irishmen. What difference does that make, pray? None, Sir!

"SABBATH BELLS"—Ballad. Written by W. ARMSTEAD—Composed by EDWARD PERRY. Robert W. Ollivier.

Mr. Perry again! Mr. Perry is welcome this time. The "Sabbath Bells," is decidedly better than the two foregoing ballads, and has considerable merit in a timely way. Mr. Perry, by the way, writes well and carefully. We cannot compliment the poet,—his lines are out of all rhythm.

"THREE ANDANTES FOR THE PIANOFORTE"—Composed by EDWARD PERRY—No. 1, from Symphony, in E flat; No. 2, from Symphony in D, and No. 3, from Symphony in C. Robt. W. Ollivier.

We have received No. 2. It is of a religious character, written with great pains and well; but it does not interest, there being no prominent subject to attract. It would make a good study, however.

"POPULAR WALTZES"—No. 5—Arranged for the Concertina, with an accompaniment for the Pianoforte. By CARLO MINASI. Wheatstone and Co.

A worthy arrangement, entitled to commendation. We commend it.

"BE OFF WITH YOU NOW."—Irish Ballad—Words by CHARLES SWAIN. Music by A. G. FIALON. Leader and Cook.

This song opens most charmingly; and, were the second part as spontaneous and *piquante* as the first, it would indeed be a ballad at all points. Nevertheless, as it is, it cannot fail to obtain hosts of admirers; and, if sung by Miss Poole, or Miss Messent, would inevitably become a great popularity. The lines are very pretty and pointed, but not at all Irish.

Provincial.

BRIGHTON.—A morning concert took place in the Banqueting Room of the Pavilion on Monday, under the management of Mr. Frederick Wright; the performers, with one exception, consisted of native talent. There was a fashionable assemblage. In the first place, there was our English primo tenore and his amiable partner; secondly Mr. George Case, and Mr. Farquharson Smith; and last but not the least, the eminent pianist, Mons. Emile Prudent. Mr. Sims Reeves was in fine voice; and sung as well as ever we heard him. He leaves all our English tenors at an immeasurable distance behind him in artistic skill and expression; and may be pronounced second only to Mario himself. He gave a romanza of Donzetti from *L'Elisir d'amore*, in the pure Italian style; and was so effective in a barcarolle of Verdi, "La donna e mobile," that an encore was demanded. The duet with Mrs. Sims Reeves was exquisitely given; and we may add that we never heard the daughter of our old and respected townsman, Mr. Lucombe, to greater advantage. Nature has not gifted her with the richest soprano; but by perseverance and study, she has almost made a voice which she controls at pleasure. If not of that rich and rare quality of tone which some singers possess, it is by no means deficient in flexibility; and her execution is one of the principal characteristics of her singing.

The popular Cavatina of Bellini, "Qui la voce," is not within the reach of every singer; but Mrs. Sims Reeves surmounted the difficulties that abound in the song with much apparent ease, and we need scarcely add with effect. She also sang a pretty ballad with quiet expression, "There is a brighter day in store, love;" and was warmly applauded. Mr. Farquharson Smith has a bass voice, with a range of nearly two octaves; and one great merit in his singing, is the clearness with which he enunciates every word. He gave a descriptive song "The Desert," *a la* Henry Russell, accompanying himself on the pianoforte. Our knowledge of the two composers does not carry us so far as to remember which songs were composed first, Mr. Emanuel's "The Desert," or Henry Russell's "Maniac," and "The Ship on fire"; but one composition is a decided plagiarism of the other. It is not, however, of the most vital consequence. Mr. Smith also gave two songs, "Hob the Miller," and "Simon the Cellarer." Mr. Case treated the audience to two solos on the Concertina, with his accustomed ability. With M. Prudent we can scarcely trust ourselves, fearful of failing to do justice to his performances. It was his first appearance in Brighton; and he opened with a beautiful *Etude* of his own composition: secondly, he performed in the most imitable manner his own fantasia from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which he displayed a master mind both as a composer and an artiste, obtaining a rapturous encore. He was equally great in another of his own compositions, taking as his theme *La Sonnambula*, and was again encored. We may add that M. Prudent gave a striking exemplification of what even Thalberg himself requires in a pianoforte player. All these requisites M. Prudent possesses in a high degree; and many others which our space will not permit us to enumerate. This concert was not like many others, spun out to a tedious length, the whole being performed in the reasonable time of two hours.—*Brighton Gazette*, Oct. 6th.

ABERGAVENNY.—The Eisteddfod and twentieth anniversary of the Abergavenny Cymreigydion, was held on Wednesday and Thursday, last week, 12th and 13th October, under the Presidentship of Charles Morgan of Tredegar, Esq., M.P. It was attended by a large number of the most distinguished families. The following were the judges—Judge of the great prize, his Excellency the Chevalier Bunsen; judge of the other prose compositions, the Rev. Hugh Williams, Chancellor of Llandaff; judge of the poetical compositions, Rev. J. James, (Iago Emlyn); judge of the translation of "The Gododon," Dr. C. Meyer; judge of woollen manufactures, Mr. Morgan Williams, of Merthyr Tydfil; judge of Welsh hats, Mr. Henry Thompson, of Abergavenny; judge of the Welsh dyes, Lady Hall, of Llanover; judge of spinning and knitting, Mrs. Herbert of Llanarth; judge of music, Mr. John Thomas, of Pen y Bont, Professor of the Harp in the Royal Academy of Music. On the first day, Wednesday, the grand procession of the Society to the place of meeting (the Yspity, one mile out of the town on the Monmouth road) took place, when a congratulatory address was delivered to the President in Welsh and English. The procession then returned, with the President and his friends, to the Cymreigydion Hall, where they were received with a grand chorus of harps. After the president had taken the chair, the Eisteddfod was opened by sound of trumpet. After the President's introductory speech, the bards recited Englynion, Annerch, &c.; then the meeting was addressed in Welsh and English by various gentlemen, after which the award of the prizes commenced. The following is a list of the prizes:—A prize of ten guineas, by the following contributors, Sir Benjamin Hall, Bart., M.P., £5 5s.; J. W. Rolls, Esq., £5 5s.; for the best set of Welsh singers in parts, being natives of Gwent and Morganwg, or any other part of South Wales. A prize of five guineas, by the Committee, for the second best ditto, ditto. A prize of three guineas, by Lady Hall, of Llanover, for the third best ditto, ditto. The great subscription prize of seventy pounds, by the following contributors.—His Excellency the Chevalier Bunsen, £10 10s.; Lady Hall, of Llanover, £10 10s.; the late Sir J. John Guest, Bart., £10 10s.; Adam Gordon, of Knockespoch, Esq., £10 10s.; Viscount Fielding, £5 5s.; Colonel Kemys Tynte, M.P., £5 5s.; Henry Hallam, Esq., £5 5s.; T. Wakeman, of the Craig, Esq., £5 5s.; Evan Thomas, Esq., £5 5s.; Lord James Stewart, £2 2s.; for the best

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

essay on the origin and progress of trial by jury, in the principality of Wales, written in Welsh, French, or English. Those in the two former languages were accompanied by English translations. A prize of five guineas, by Lady Morgan, of Tredegar, for the best singer of the Welsh air, "Aderyn Pur," as set in Miss J. Williams, of Aberpergwm's Welsh melodies. A prize of three guineas, by Miss Williams, of Aberpergwm, for the best female singer of the Welsh air, "Fwydchen," as set in Miss J. Williams, of Aberpergwm's Welsh Melodies, to which the Countess of Abergavenny added £1 1s., and Adam Gordon, of Knockespoch, Esq., £1 1s., making it a prize of £5 5s. A prize of five guineas, by the Countess of Abergavenny, £4 4s.; Mrs. Herbert, of Llanarth, £1 1s.; for the best female singer of the Welsh air, "Y Breuddwyd," as set in Miss J. Williams, of Aberpergwm's Welsh Melodies. A prize of twenty guineas, by Lady Charlotte Guest, for the best essay on the proper names of places in South Wales; the names to be classified according to their signification. Such are especially to be pointed out as record any action or event, or are connected with any legends existing, or the past existence of which may be inferred from the construction of the name. The merits of the essay to be determined by the extent of the lists of names involving action; and Gwent and Morganwg to be included in the term, South Wales. A prize of ten guineas, by J. A. Herbert, of Llanarth, Esq., for the best history of Penllyn, (in Welsh with an English translation); to contain a particular description of the ancient British period, with its archaeological remains, and an account of the antiquities of the Parish of Mynyddyslwyn, the Etymology of local names, &c., &c. A prize of five pounds, by Edmund Herbert, Esq., for the best English translation of Taliesin ab Iolo's essay on the Coelbren y Beirdd, with additional remarks, notes, and a model of the Peithynen. The sum of four pounds, offered by the Hon. J. H. Yelverton, of Whiteland Abbey, near St. Clears, Caermarthenshire, towards a prize for the best history of the Abbeys of Caermarthenshire. A subscription prize of twelve guineas, for the best English prose translation of "The Gododin," with explanatory notes; subscribed to by Dr. C. Meyer, £10 10s.; and by a lady, £2 2s. A prize of five guineas, by T. Wakeman, of the Craig, Esq., for the best Awdl (Welsh Ode) on the ladies of Gwent and Morganwg. A prize of five guineas, by Viscount Fielding, for the best penillion singing after the manner of North Wales; and a prize of three guineas, by Messrs. Roberts, Brothers, for the best penillion singing after the manner of South Wales; competitors to be natives of South Wales, (including Gwent and Morganwg), and to be accompanied by a South Wales harper.

On the second day, Thursday, the meeting opened with a grand chorus of harps, after which the bards recited *Englynion*; and the awarding of prizes was continued by Sir C. Morgan, Bart., who gave the Tredegar harp, value ten guineas, to the best female performer on the triple harp; only four variations to be played; open to Gwent and Morganwg only. Charles Morgan, of Tredegar, Esq., M.P., who gave the Ruperra harp, value ten guineas, for the best male performer on the triple harp; only four variations to be played; open to South Wales, including Gwent and Morganwg. The following contributors, who gave a prize of £32 19s., Sir Benjamin Hall, Bart., £5 5s.; Lady Hall, of Llanover, £5 5s.; Miss Webb, £10 10s.; Sir C. Salusbury, of Llanwern, £5 5s.; Mrs. Herbert, of Llanarth, £4 4s.; Rev. E. S. Appleyard, £2 10s.; for the best analysis of the remains of the Welsh poets, from the earliest period down to the present time, with especial reference to the elucidation of Welsh history, and containing as much bardic biography as possible; to be written in English or Welsh. Miss Herbert, of Llanarth, who gave the Arianwen harp, value eight guineas, to the best blind female performer on the triple harp; not more than four variations to be played; open to Brycheiniog, Gwent, and Morganwg; to which was added one pound, by the Countess of Abergavenny. The Countess of Abergavenny, a prize of £1 5s., to second best blind female performer on the harp. The Cefyn Mably harp, value ten guineas, to the best blind male performer on the triple harp; four variations only to be played; open to South Wales, including Gwent and Morganwg. Captain Kemys Tynte, the Priory harp, value nine guineas, to the second best blind male performer on the triple harp; not more than four variations to be played; open to South Wales, including Gwent

and Morganwg. The Rev. Mostyn Price, of Gunley, a prize of five guineas, for the best marwnad, (elegy in Welsh), on the lamented death of Carnhuanawc. W. Williams, of Aberpergwm, Esq., a prize of five pounds, with a medal of one pound, by Lady Hall, for the best marwnad (elegy in Welsh) on Taliesin ab Iolo. The following contributors, who gave a subscription prize of ten guineas, for the best Awdl on Dinystr Derwyddon Mon (Destruction of the Druids of Mona), A.D. 60, by the Roman army under Suetonius Paulinus—Countess of Abergavenny, £3; Lady Love Parry, £5; Rev. E. S. Appleyard, £2 10s. A prize of three guineas, left by the late M. Gynn, of Llanelwedd, Esq., for the best stanzas in Welsh on the introduction of Christianity into Britain. R. P. Wakeman, of Crickhowell, Esq., who gave a triple harp to the best performer on the triple harp, being under 21 years of age, and a native of Brycheiniog, Gwent, or Morganwg; only four variations to be played. Mrs. Hanbury Leigh, a prize of ten pounds, for the best specimen of Welsh Rodney Woollen, not less than five yards long by one yard and a half wide; the wool to be Welsh, and no worsted to be admitted among the materials; the warp to be of cotton and linen, and the woof to be of cotton and yarn. The Earl of Abergavenny, a prize of ten guineas, for the best specimen of Welsh dyed scarlet cloth, made of Welsh wool, five yards long by one yard and a half wide, (this prize had special reference to brilliancy of colour as well as texture); open to all South Wales, including Gwent and Morganwg. Viscountess Neville, a prize of three pounds, for the best specimen of Welsh dyed blue cloth made of Welsh wool, five yards long by one yard and a half wide; special reference to be paid to brilliancy of colour, as well as texture; open to all South Wales, including Gwent and Morganwg. Lady Love J. Parry of Madryn, a prize of two pounds, for the best specimen of Welsh yarns, in various bright colours, dyed in any part of South Wales, including Gwent and Morganwg; this prize to be decided entirely by superiority of colours. Gwynnen Gwent, a prize of five pounds, for the best collection of specimens of Welsh woollens (not less than three inches square each) in the real national checks and stripes, with the Welsh names by which they are known, and with any account of them which can be added; no specimens to be included which have not been well known for at least half a century whether of wool alone, or of wool with flax or cotton; the object of this prize is to authenticate the real old checks and stripes of Wales, and to preserve them, with their real Welsh names, distinct from any new fancy patterns; open to all Wales, including Gwent and Morganwg. Mrs. Maddocks, of Tregunter, a prize of five pounds, for the best Welsh woollen in any of the national stripes or checks, not less than twelve yards long and three quarters of a yard wide; open to all Wales, including Gwent and Morganwg. Mrs. Kemys Tynte, of Cefyn Mably, a prize of three guineas, for the best white Welsh woollen whittle; especial reference to lightness and fine texture; open only to Gwent and Morganwg. Mrs. Roche, a prize of three guineas, for the best hanks of fine white yarn, spun from Welsh wool by the hand of a Welsh cottager at home; not to contain less than six pounds of wool; open to all Wales, including Gwent and Morganwg. The following contributors, Lady Hall, of Llanover, £2; and J. G. Price, Esq. £5; a prize of seven pounds, for the best female singer of any Welsh air, with Welsh words, to accompany herself on the triple harp. (Open to all Wales, including Gwent and Morganwg.) A prize of ten guineas, left by the late Viscountess Fielding, for the best player of an ancient Welsh air, upon the triple harp; only four variations to be played; open to all the world. Mr. J. Hiley Morgan, a prize of one guinea, for the best knitted pair of gloves, made of Welsh black sheep's wool undyed, by a Welsh girl under 20 years of age. Mrs. Gwynne Holford gave a prize of two pounds, for the best knitted pair of stockings, of Welsh black sheep's wool undyed. (Open to Brycheiniog, Gwent, and Morganwg.) Mrs. John Gunter, of Cole Hill House, Fulham, a prize of one pound, for the second best ditto, with the same limitations. Miss Jane Williams, of Aberpergwm, a prize of three guineas, for the best variations, four in number, of the Welsh air, "Clychau Aberdyfy;" the air and the variations to be played on the triple harp at the meeting; to which A. Gordon, Esq., of Knockespoch, added £1 1s. Lady Chetwynd, a prize of

two guineas, for the best Welsh hat, manufactured in Brycheiniog, Gwent, and Morganwg. Miss Roche, the Gwendolen prize of £1 10s., for the second best ditto, with the same limitations. A subscription of ten guineas for the best performer on the triple harp, among those who are debarred from competition for harps (open to South Wales, including Gwent and Morganwg) given by the following contributors—Sir Benjamin Hall, Bart., £5 5s.; Lady Love J. Parry, of Madryn, £3 3s.; T. D. L. Parry, Esq., £1 1s.; Miss L. Parry, £1 1s. A prize of five guineas for the second best performer under the same circumstances, given by Mr. W. Watkins, Abergavenny, £2 2s.; Messrs. Saunders and Son, £2 2s.; Mr. John Michael, £1 1s.; and a prize of three guineas for the third best performer under the same circumstances, given by Lady Chetwynd, £2 2s.; Lady Hall, of Llanover, £1 1s. Making altogether a total of forty-six prizes, which says much for the generosity of the aristocracy of Wales. The meeting went off with the greatest enthusiasm, and the judges were highly commended for their decision in awarding the prizes to the most deserving.

LIVERPOOL.—At a *petit souper*, which took place at the Adelphi Hotel, on Tuesday night week, after the last Philharmonic Concert on the occasion of Mr. J. L. Hatton's birthday, Signor Mario presented our talented townsmen with a handsome gold snuff-box, of the value of 20 guineas, and bearing his initials. He also highly complimented Mr. Hatton upon his varied talents as a vocalist, composer, and pianist, and expressed, on behalf of himself and the other artistes composing Mr. Beale's concert troupe, their high sense of his urbanity and geniality of disposition.—On Monday evening week, Madame Celeste and Mr. B. Webster commenced an engagement at the Royal Amphitheatre, and their admirable acting in several popular melo-dramas and plays have attracted numerous and highly respectable audiences. The lady's performances are as existing and powerful as ever, while Mr. B. Webster, who appears to be in better health than we have seen him for some years past, displays increased versatility of talent, and plays with more combined vigour and refinement than ever. He is equally happy and effective in low comedy, melo-drama, or more sentimental pieces, and without ever being maudlin and vulgar, he pleases the frequenters of all portions of the house. On Thursday, a new Adelphic farce, *The Camp at Chobham*, was successfully produced; and on Friday evening Madame Celeste took her benefit, appearing for the first time in Liverpool, in a powerful and clever new drama, called *Geneviève*. This week the popular drama of *The Pretty Girls of Stilberg* has been produced.—At the Theatre Royal, during the week, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Pyne, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Borroni, and Mr. H. Horncastle have appeared in the hackneyed operas of *The Crown Diamonds*, *Sonnambula*, *The Bohemian Girl*, and *The Barber of Seville*. A new one-act opera, *Love's Alarms*, the libretto by Mr. Buckstone, and the music by that clever composer, Mr. E. F. Fitzwilliam, was produced for the first time on any stage on Friday evening.—The New Music Hall, Bold-street, is now finished, and has been leased to Mr. H. E. Himes, and will be opened to the public on Monday the 24th instant.—The young Portuguese pianiste, Arthur Napoleon, who recently played at a Philharmonic concert, gave a concert at the Clayton-hall, on Thursday evening, when his truly clever performances gave great satisfaction to a crowded auditory.—The first concert of the Societa Armonica, for the present season, took place at the Mechanics' Institution, on Wednesday evening, and gave the utmost satisfaction to a numerous and fashionable audience. The vocalists on the occasion were Miss Santley, Mrs. Otty, Mr. C. Santley, Mr. Armstrong, and Mr. Bolton, all of whom sang most creditably.—Miss Arabella Goddard, who is now universally recognised as the greatest English pianiste of the day, will, we understand, shortly visit Liverpool.

COLCHESTER.—**MR. LINDLEY NUNN'S CONCERT.**—On Tuesday evening Mr. Lindley Nunn gave a miscellaneous concert at the Town Hall. In engaging the services of the English Madrigal Society, whose talented members are already too well known and appreciated to need our commendation, Mr. Nunn afforded the musical *dilettanti* of this town a delightful opportunity of hearing many of the most charming compositions of the past and present century, performed in a manner worthy of their beauty;

the first and third parts of the concert consisting entirely of well-selected glees and four-part songs, which the fine voices of the performers rendered doubly effective. Mrs. Lockey and Mrs. Endersohn (the former as Miss M. Williams, long a favourite with the public) possess voices of great compass and power, and in all their performances obtained much applause. Mr. Lockey's splendid voice was well displayed in the fine *scena* from "Nina," most effectively rendered by him. Mr. H. Phillip's vividly descriptive "Bear Hunt" delighted every one, and considerably startled many by its exciting reality. Mr. Lindley Nunn's talent as a composer and pianist, if not before established, must have been so on Tuesday night, his brilliantly executed *capriccio* obtaining great and well-merited applause. A numerous assemblage testified their appreciation of Mr. Nunn's exertions, and those of the talented vocalists he had engaged, inducing him, we trust, to afford, at some future time, a similar delightful opportunity, now rarely obtained, of listening to, and admiring, some of those gems of our great masters, performed in a first-rate manner.—*Essex Gazette.*

Miscellaneous.

HACKNEY.—Miss Ada Thomson's first annual concert took place in the hall of the Literary Institution, on Thursday evening last, when she was assisted by the following artistes:—Mesdames Weiss and Granville (pupil of Mr. Allen) Misses Fanny Stirling and Lizzy Stuart, Signor Salabert, Messrs. George Tedder, Carran, and Weiss. Violin, Mr. Thirlwall. The concert opened with Frank Mori's quartet, "The Vintager's evening song," very nicely rendered by Madame Weiss, Miss Lizzy Stuart, Measrs. Tedder and Weiss. Madame Granville, whose *début* it was, sang "Di piacer" with very good tact. Her voice is a soprano, not very powerful, but of good quality; and with practice will become a soprano voice of good range. Mr. Thirlwall's solo, "violin," was immensely applauded, and narrowly escaped an encore. Mr. Tedder was encored in "Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dumblane," as also in Sporle's song, "The Boatman's Return." In this song, Mr. Tedder introduced a novel reading, by having some voices behind the orchestra as an echo, which was a very pleasing effect. Mr. Weiss sang "The Wanderer" and Mendelssohn's "I'm a Roamer," the last song being encored. Madame Weiss was encored in both her songs, which she gave with her usual brilliancy and effect. Signor Salabert was encored in an aria by Donizetti, "Udite O, Rustici." Miss Lizzy Stuart sang Land's song, "When sorrow sleepeth," as also, "Annie Laurie"—the latter gained an encore. Miss Ada Thomson, the fair beneficiaire, performed two solos on the pianoforte with great effect. Her execution is decidedly brilliant, and her reiterated passages were very finely played. She likewise sang a duett, in conjunction with Mr. Tedder, which was encored. The concert was very late, owing to the re-demanding, by the folks of Hackney, of nearly every piece in the programme. The hall was densely crammed; quite a new thing for Hackney concerts in general.

MR. AND MRS. FREDERICK JEWESOS, the accomplished professors, have returned to their new residence, 21, Manchester Street, for the season.

MR. JOHN THOMAS, the talented harpist, is on a visit to Sir Benjamin and Lady Hall, at Stanoner, near Abergavenny. Mr. John Thomas was appointed the Judge of Music at the Abergavenny Eisteddfod, and gave great satisfaction by the manner in which he acquitted himself at the meeting. Sir Benjamin and Lady Hall have been entertaining a number of distinguished guests during the week, including His Highness the Prince Stanislaus Czartorisky, son of the rightful Queen of Poland, his Excellency the Count Esterhazy, of Hungary, her Excellency the Baroness de Bunsen, and her daughter, Lady Clifford Constable, Miss Chichester, Sir John and Lady Shelley, Sir Harry Vane, Lady Langdale and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Berrington, and a host of literary characters and men of learning from all parts.

M. MAURICE LEVY, the talented professor, has returned to London from a tour through Germany. At Berlin and Amsterdam M. Levy met with the most cordial reception from the *dilettanti*, and his performances of his own compositions, and quartetts by Mozart, Beethoven, &c., were greatly admired. At Berlin M.

Levy had the pleasure of listening to a new sacred composition, by Meyerbeer (the 92nd Psalm) sung by the celebrated Berlin choir, which created a great impression upon him, as well as the numerous frequenters of the *Garrison* (military) church when it was sung.

FRANZ LISZT.—This celebrated artist is now in Paris. To-day, October 22nd, is the anniversary of his birth. He was born at Ráding, in Hungary, October 22nd, 1811; and consequently numbers this day 42 years.

FREDERIC FRANCOIS CHOPIN, the celebrated composer and pianist, was born near Varsovie, in 1810, and died on October 17th, 1849, aged 39 years.

MARIA MILANOLLO.—Yesterday was the anniversary of the death of this extraordinary violiniste. She died in Paris on the 21st of October, 1848, aged only 16 years.

MISS KATHLEEN FITZWILLIAM.—This rising young vocalist has returned to town for the season, a circumstance that will greatly please those of our readers who think her, and with justice, the English ballad singer, par excellence, of the day.

MR. BENEDICT has returned to town, from a tour in Germany. At Dresden he had the honour of standing godfather to Jenny Lind's first-born, who has been named Otto Walter Goldschmidt.

MARIONETTE THEATRE.—A new feature has this week been introduced into the musical entertainments at this theatre, in the person of Herr Töyhrnajrre, whose name we must leave our readers to pronounce as they may think fit. This gentleman is from the national theatre of Pesth, and he performs on the Hungarian national instrument, called the "Zither Hongrois," the sound of which somewhat resembles that of a guitar, only that it is capable of more modulation, and is sweeter. The performer executes on the Zither very cleverly, and with much expression, and he was deservedly well received on his *début*. The instrument is well worth hearing as a novelty to English concerts. The Hungarian Band, as usual, continue attractive, and merit support for their admirable execution of the various *morceaux* contained in the programme. While the *ensemble* is everything that can be wished, the exquisite solo playing of Herr Horanyi on the horn, is deserving of especial notice. For softness of tone and neatness of execution, he is not inferior to any of his contemporaries, but probably combines greater perfection in the management of that instrument. The band has decidedly improved under their old leader, Kalozdy. The afternoon performances on Wednesdays and Saturdays have been as well attended as the evening concerts, and the metropolitan reputation gained by the Hungarian Musical Company will doubtless be a good passport to ensure them success in their contemplated tour under the spirited management of Mr. Simpson.

HIBERNIAN HALL, REGENT STREET.—Mrs. Alexander Gibbs, long the public favourite at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres (when English operas were played), under the name of Miss Graddon, has produced an entertainment at the above *locale*, with musical and pictorial illustrations, which bids fair to become one of the most popular of the day; it is entitled the Emerald Isle, and includes songs, legends, traditions, and anecdotes of that fairy land. Mrs. Gibbs in her amusing and clever entertainment makes no attempt at changes of character, nor of stage-like assumptions; neither has it the air of a lecture-room, nor are the opinions enunciated *ex cathedra*. It is rather the conversation of a travelled and accomplished lady for the delectation of her friends. There is a cheerful ease and a certain *insouciance* of manner which impart a delightful effect to the whole entertainment. Her singing of Mr. Desmond Ryan's lively ditty, "The Rakes of Mallow," and of Wellington Guernsey's song of an Irish peasant, "Oh, art thou gone, my Mary dear," exhibit the voice to the greatest advantage in those pure native strains of Irish Minstrelsy. Since all the town (which includes "oldest inhabitants" and "distinguished strangers"—the dwellers in Bloomsbury and Belgravia—the great folks of Tiburnia, and those belonging to the "commoner places" of Clapham and Kennington) is pretty sure to see and hear this entertainment, it would be superfluous in the *Musical World* to begin at the beginning thereof, with the hospitality of the Irish people, and the adventures of Mr. Cornelius McCooney, and to end with the far-famed stag-hunt on the Lakes of Killarney. Enough,

then, to repeat that her Irish stories and mirth are quaint, strange, and humoursome to a degree. The several views of Killarney, and other parts of the sister isle, which illustrate the entertainment, are exquisitely painted by Mr. Charles James. The various atmospheric effects are truthfully delineated, and the general colouring and the grouping are in the highest style of scenic art. The Emerald Isle at the Hibernian Hall has been nightly received with great enthusiasm, and can hardly fail to prove a "handful of California" to the talented artiste who delivers it.

MISS STABBACH.—This highly talented and rising young vocalist has returned to London, after a most successful tour in the provinces.

MADEMOISELLE ST. MARC.—This talented pianist leaves London to-day, for Paris, and returns in the course of ten days or a fortnight.

MR. LAND leaves town on Monday next, with his party, the English Glee and Madrigal Union, to fulfil a series of engagements at Liverpool, Manchester, Bolton, Lancaster, and the northern towns.

MR. CHARLES E. STEVENS, the accomplished professor, has returned to town for the season.

MR. G. HAYWARD, leader of the band at Cremorne, and nephew of the violinist, Mr. H. Hayward, of Wolverhampton, is again appointed the music director for the Equestrian Performers, at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, commencing on Monday next, October 24th.

SALARIES FOR SINGERS.—M. Roqueplan, the director of the Grand Opera, wishing to raise his company to a rank befitting the first theatre in France, opened negotiations with Tamberlik, a tenor well known to the *dilettanti* of London and St. Petersburg, and offered him 145,000f. per annum; but this princely offer was declined, this artist receiving exactly that sum from the English and Russian Impresarii, to sing Italian music, which is well suited to his voice, while he dreads a contest with the formidable orchestra of the Rue Lepelletier. Equally munificent proposals were made to Formes and Cruvelli, but rejected. We, last week, stated that the price set by Albini on her services was 2,000f. a night; we now learn that before throwing up the privilege of the *Italiens*, M. Corti had been endeavouring to effect an engagement with Mario and Grisi. They fixed their remuneration at 150,000f. for the season, and, besides, the Impresario was bound to pay the American speculators who have retained the services of these two vocalists, a sum of 450,000f., stipulated as a forfeit. Moreover, all their expenses were to be defrayed by the management.—*Galignani.* [Galignani, perhaps, is not aware that the Covent Garden orchestra is quite as "formidable" as that of the Paris Opera. Moreover, the notion that Tamberlik should dread a contest with any orchestra is an evident absurdity. The "tenor well known to the *dilettanti* of London and St. Petersburg," would make his C in alto be heard above the united powers of all the orchestras of the French dominions.—ED.]

ROUSSEAU remarks, "How mortifying the reflection to a composer of genius, that all his skill in imparting animation to his work is useless, unless the fire that glows there be transmitted to the soul of the artist by whom it is executed. The singer, who sees nothing but the notes of his part, can be but ill prepared to catch the spirit of the composer, or impart a proper expression to what he sings, unless he is perfectly master of the sentiment and character of the piece he executes. We cannot convey to others the sense of what we read, unless we ourselves understand it; nor is it enough to hear a general conception of the force of languages in which we speak, our feeling in this respect must be comprehensive, intelligent, and active. The true singer will act in the same manner as if he were, at one and the same time, poet, composer, and performer."

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Mr. De M., Glasgow; C. B., Sunderland; Miss W., Hyde, Manchester; E. C., Leeds; S. W. W., Brighton; W. K., Dublin; Rev. C. A. W., Northampton; J. G. B., Ryde; A. C. T., Thorney Abbey.

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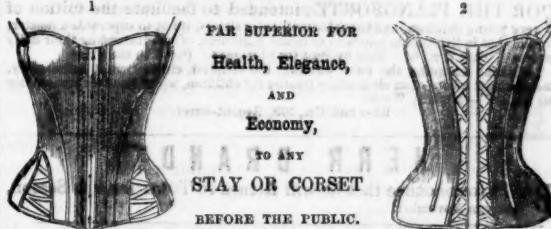
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MESSRS. RUDALL, ROSE, AND CARTE beg to announce that the Musical Directory for 1854 will be issued on the 1st of December; and they have to request the favour that all Music for insertion may be forwarded before the 1st of November. The Music to include also published from the 1st December, 1852, to the 31st October, 1853. They will also feel obliged for the communication of any names and addresses of Professors of Music, and Musicsellers, omitted in their first number.

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October 22, 1853.

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